Eng. Poetry vol 77.

CASTLE-HOWARD,

THE

S E A T

Of the Right Honourable

CHARLES Earl of *CARLISLE.*

To whom this **POEM** is humbly inſcribed.

Hic ſecura quies, et neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum. VIRGIL.

LONDON:

Printed by E. OWEN in *Amen-Corner.* Price 1 *s.*

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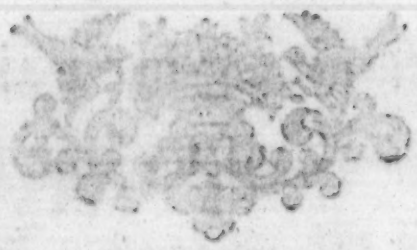

LONDON:

Printed by E. OWEN in Warwick-Lane. Price 1 s.

CASTLE-HOWARD,

THE SEAT

Of the Right Honourable

CHARLES Earl of *CARLISLE*, &c.

WHEN happy Plenty, the Effect of Peace,
Improves our Arts, makes Sciences encreaſe;
Then may an humble Muſe eſſay to ſing,
And try in tim'rous Flights her tender Wing:
So the gay tuneful Choir, who haunt the Grove,
From the ſmall Linnet to the Cooing Dove,
In Conſort joyn, their Melody to raiſe,
When the Creative Sun his Pow'r diſplays:

Let

Let this excuſe a Genius, where the Heart
Dictates from Nature rather than from Art.

Carliſle, to Thee I dedicate theſe Lays,
Reject them not becauſe they ſing thy Praiſe:
Envy too ſoon will raze what here I carve;
For thoſe are cenſur'd moſt, who leaſt deſerve.
An Eminence in Virtue, Rank, or Pow'r,
Creates new Enemies for ev'ry Hour:
And Flatt'rers too, who gild our weakeſt Side,
Calling that Honour, which too oft is Pride;
But neither Foe or Flatt'rer is here,
I bring the Tribute of a Muſe ſincere.

How can I beſt deſcribe your gen'rous Mind,
To ev'ry Social Act of Life inclin'd.
Numbers from you their daily Bread receive,
Th'afflicted Heart — through you forgets to grieve:
To ſerve Mankind is your peculiar End,
And make thoſe happy who on you depend.
Your Children, Servants, Friends, this Bleſſing ſhare,
And feel the Bounty of your conſtant Care.

Through

Through various Paths to Happineſs you've try'd,
But ever follow'd a falacious Guide,
Till from the Court and City you withdrew,
A Life of rural Pleaſure to purſue.
Soon you reſign'd what others moſt deſire;
Nor cou'd Ambition your cool Temper fire:
The Stateſman's Schemes you left to thoſe who durſt
be great,
And found Joys unmoleſted in this ſafe Retreat.
Long may you prove the Sweets of this Receſs;
While others aim, you taſte true Happineſs.
But ſince an Author by his Works we know,
Better than all the Praiſe his Friends beſtow;
Permit me, tho' unequal, to relate,
The many Beauties which ſurround this Seat.
Tho' void of Art, and deſtitute of Skill,
Wanting the Power, I only boaſt the Will.
Virgil preſum'd to paint th' *Elyſian* Fields,
To him my Lays, but not my Subject yields.

Had *Mantua*'s Bard been bleſs'd with ſuch a Theme,
He ne'r had form'd a Viſionary Dream.
All that Luxurious Fancy can invent,
What Poets feign, what Painters repreſent;
Not in Imagination here we trace,
Realities adorn this happy Place.

A noble Pile magnificently great,
Not rais'd alone for Beauty or for State;
Conveniency with the two former joyn,
Too oft neglected in a great Deſign:
To pleaſe the Criticks, and give no Offence,
We build by Rule, tho' oppoſite to Senſe.
Here Art and Fancy equally aſpire,
Correct like *Virgil*, joyn'd to *Pindar*'s Fire;
Within it anſwers what our Wiſhes form'd,
Finiſh'd with Taſte, with Elegance adorn'd.
A Genius here preſides throughout the Whole,
And in this *Folio* we read *Carliſle*'s Soul.

Some

Some few perhaps this noble Work condemn,
As what we envy, we too often blame:
So Criticks wear a Jaundice in their Eye,
O'r look all Beauties, and all Faults discry.
Can erring Man perform a perfect Peice,
Even in the happy Times of *Rome* and *Greece*,
When Arts and Sciences excell'd the most;
That Golden Age, which now, alass! is lost,
Criticks were known to plague those *Halcyon* Days,
And censur'd all, but never deign'd to praise.
When *Phidias* and the fam'd *Vitruvius* liv'd,
Small Honour for their Labours they receiv'd;
Antiquity now sanctifies their Name,
With their Cotemp'ries they scarce purchas'd Fame.

And now, my Muse, attempt the verdant Scene,
Whose Views delight o'r vary'd Shades of Green.
Wou'd *Hesiod*, gentle Bard, my Verse inspire,
Would he bestow one Spark of Past'rel Fire;

No

No other Muſe or Goddeſs I'd invoke,
To him a Hecatomb ſhou'd freely ſmoke:
He beſt can teach to ſing the rural Lays,
Who has ſo well performed his * Works and Days.
But ſhould the daring Muſe the Lawrel ſeize;
Should ſhe ſucceed where moſt ſhe hopes to pleaſe;
Here to diſcribe, exactly to unfold,
Th' Attempt to *Heſiod* wou'd appear too bold,
Some Beauties muſt be ſeen, but can't be told.

From ev'ry Place you caſt your wand'ring Eyes,
You view gay Landſkips, and new Proſpects riſe,
There a Green Lawn bounded with Shady Wood,
Here Downy Swans ſport in a Lucid Flood.
Buildings the proper Points of View adorn,
Of † *Grecian*, *Roman* and *Egyptian* Form.

Theſe interſpers'd with Woods and Verdant Plains,
Such as poſſeſs'd of old th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Hills

* *Vid.* Heſiod's *Poem call'd* Works and Days.

† The *Obelisk*, *Temple*, *Mauſoleum*, and *Pyramid*.

Hills riſe on Hills; and to complete the Scenes,
Like one continu'd Wood th' Horizon ſeems.
This in the main deſcribes the Points of View,
But ſomething more is to ſome Places due.
As *Helen*, *Dido*, and the *Spartan* Dame,
Stand foremoſt in the Liſt of ancient Fame;
While other Beauties not in Story told,
Lie undiſtinguiſh'd in the common Mould.

Lead through the Park, where Lines of Trees unite,
And Verd'rous Lawns the bounding Deer delight:
By gentle Falls the docile Ground deſcends,
Forms a fair Plain, then by Degrees aſcends.
Theſe Inequalities delight the Eye,
For Nature charms moſt in Variety.
When ev'r her gen'ral Law by Arts effac'd,
It ſhows a Skill, but proves a want of Taſte.
O'r all Deſigns Nature ſhou'd ſtill preſide;
She is the cheapeſt, and moſt perfect Guide.

Far in the Park there lies a ſpacious * Vale.
Form'd to inſpire a ſoft Poetick Tale.
On ev'ry Side with ſhady Wood 'tis bound,
A Maiden Verdure covers all the Ground.
Hither Saint *Hubert* ſecretly repairs,
And hears the eager Hunters Vows and Pray'rs.
The flying Deer by ſad Experience feels,
The cruel Hounds, cloſe at his tremb'ling Heels,
In ſilent Tears his laſt Diſtreſs he ſhows,
Then falls *Actæon* like to bloody Foes.

Here other Woods and Lawns demand a Place,
Which well an abler Poets Theme wou'd grace:
But ſuch unnumber'd Beauties bleſs this Seat,
'Twere endleſs on each diff'rent Charm to treat.
† *Hipocrates* has ſome where juſtly ſaid,
That Arts are long, and Nature's Debt ſoon paid.
Cou'd we the certain *Apothem* reverſe;
Were Arts ſoon learn'd, and diſtant was the Herſe,

Then

* Bel Bottom.

† Vita brevis eſt ars longa.

Then wou'd unrival'd *Carliſle*'s Genius ſhine,
Who has ſo early form'd this great Deſign:
But Fate has fix'd the Limits of our Stay,
And while I write, Time gently glides away.

Eaſt from the Houſe a beaut'ous * Down there lies,
Where Art with Nature emulating vyes:
Not ſmoother Surface boaſt the *Tempean* Plains,
Tho' ſung by Poets in immortal Strains:
Not finer Verdure can young *Flora* bring,
Tho' ſhe commands an ever blooming Spring.
Upon this Plain a † Monument appears,
Sacred to Piety and filial Tears.
Here to his Sire did grateful *Carliſle* raiſe,
A certain Record a more laſting Praiſe,
Than Volumes writ in Honour to his Name;
Thoſe often die, being made the Sport of Fame:
The Moth, the Worm, and Envy, them annoy,
But Time can only Pyramids deſtroy.

Beyond

* *The Down before* Preetty Wood.
† *The Pyramid.*

Beyond this Down a * Building rears its Head,
Sacred to the immortal Vert'ous dead.
The Name of *Carias* noted † King it bears,
Made famous by his faithful Conſort's Tears.
Nor was the Structure *Artemiſia* rais'd,
With greater Juſtice more deſerv'dly prais'd.
Tho' that a Wonder was by Ancients deem'd,
This by the Moderns is not leſs eſteem'd.
More difficult to pleaſe, and more perverſe,
Judging more raſhly, tho' they know much leſs.
Here *Carliſle* will thy ſacred *Manes* repoſe,
This ſolemn Place thy Aſhes will encloſe.
How will it pleaſe thy gentle Shade to view,
Some Ages hence, Oh, may my Prophecy prove true!
Deſcending from thy Line a gen'rous Race,
Fit to adorn the Camp, or Court to Grace:
Who, after having gain'd deſerv'd Applauſe,
For having bravely ſerv'd their Country's Cauſe,

Shall

* *The* Mauſoleum.

† Mauſolus.

Shall to Ambition rural Joys prefer,
And fix their Happineſs and Pleaſure here.
So when the *Trojan* * Prince with glad Surprize,
Survey'd the Hero's who ſhou'd from him riſe,
All Dangers and all Labours he deſpis'd,
So much his noble Progeny he priz'd;
Only to future Proſpects cou'd attend,
Since from his Line the *Cæſars* ſhou'd deſcend.

The Garden now demands my humbly Lays,
Which merits a more worthy Pen ſhou'd praiſe.
So far extended, and ſo great the Space,
Magnificence in ev'ry Part we trace.
Before the Houſe you view a large *Parterre*,
Not crouded with the Trifles brought from far:
No Borders, Alleys, Edgings ſpoil the Scene,
'Tis one unvary'd Piece of pleaſing Green:
No ſtarv'd Exoticks here lament their Fate,
Fetter'd and bound like Priſ'ners of State:

* *Vide* Virgil's Æneid.

Or as *Diogenes* in Tub confin'd,
Wiſhing like him th' enlivening Sun to find.
'Tis ornamented by the Sculpture's Hand,
Here Statues, Obilisks, and Vaſes ſtand.
Beyond 'tis circl'd by a pleaſant * Grove,
Rais'd from the Family of conſtant Love:
No boiſt'rous Storms, nor an inclement Sky,
Which tender Leaves, and ſpringing Buds deſtroy,
Affect the Sombre Shade you here enjoy;
Perpetual Verdure all the Trees diſcloſe,
Which like true Love no Change of Seaſons knows.

Nothing this happy Climate can produce,
Is wanting here for Pleaſure or for Uſe.
The Kitchen Ground all Kinds of Fruit afford,
Which crown with Luxury the tempting Board.
Here blooming *Flora* and *Pomona* reign,
Vertumnus too, who helps the lab'ring Swain,
Have

* *The Wilderneſs of Ever Greens.*

Have all agreed to ſhow their watchful Care,
That *Æolus* ſhou'd this young *Eden* ſpare.
Let theſe kind Deities their Charge defend,
While I attempt the promis'd Land t' aſcend.

A noble Terraſs lies before the Front,
By which into a * Paradiſe you mount.
Not greater Beauty boaſts th' *Idalian* Grove,
Tho' that is ſacred to the Queen of Love.
Such ſtately Trees encircle ev'ry View,
As never in *Dodonas* Foreſt grew.
Here the ſmooth Beach and rev'rend Oak entwine,
And form a Temple for the Pow'rs Divine:
So Ages paſt from ancient Bards we've heard,
When Men the Deity in Groves rever'd,
A Tow'ring Wood ſuperior in its Kind,
Was to the Worſhip of the God's aſſign'd:
While *Plebian* Trees, which lowly Shade produce,
Were held unworthy of this ſacred Uſe.

Here

* Ray Wood.

Here broad Meander Walks, each Way ſurprize;
And if Variety's a Charm we prize,
That Charm this Grove can in Perfection boaſt,
As Art in copying Nature pleaſes moſt.
Gardens of diff'rent Forms delight the Eye,
From whence a beaut'ous Country we diſcry:
And ſure, if any Place deſerves to claim,
This Wood with Juſtice * *Belvidere* we name.
Statues at proper Views enrich the Scene,
Here chaſte *Diana* and the *Paphian* Queen,
Tho' Oppoſites in Fame, tho' Rivals made,
Contented ſtand under one common Shade.
Such Harmony of Soul this Place inſpires,
All furious Paſſions, and all fierce Deſires
Are here becalm'd, and Gentleneſs ſucceeds,
The certain Parent whence Content proceeds.
Who wou'd not then prefer this pleaſing Bow'r,
Since Life is fleeting, and the preſent Hour
Is all that Fate has put into our Pow'r?

To

* Belvidere *Italian for fine View.*

To Riches, Grandeur, Fame, Ambition's Pleas,
Since Peace of Mind gives greater Joy than theſe:
But how this Wood this Peace of Mind beſtows,
This ancient Tale the Secret will diſcloſe.

In Days of Old, when Nymphs in Groves were bred,
And Flocks and Herds by Royal Virgins fed,
A Band of Maids of faultleſs Shape and Air,
Whoſe Forms created Love, their Eyes Deſpair;
Their Lives to chaſte *Diana*'s Rites avow'd,
Shunning the Courtſhip of the flatt'ring Crowd;
Preferring Solitude and rural Sport,
To all the Pleaſures of the *Cyprian* Court.
Their Beauty did not long remain unknown;
A Troop of daring *Sylvans* hardy grown,
Reſolve their private chaſte Retreat t'invade;
And like the *Sabe'an* Rape, each ſeize a Maid.

With Secrecy their Purpoſe they purſue,
Till they beheld the bluſhing Fair in View.
Then they at once the youthful Train ſurround,
And bear th'unwilling Siſters from the Ground.
The trembling Maids unite their mournful Cries,
Which reach'd the Virgin Goddeſs of the Skies.
She to prevent her Vot'ries from Diſgrace,
And ſave 'em from the Ruſticks rude Embrace,
To *Daphne's* Fate the lovely Nymphs aſſign'd,
Who now remain in cruſted Bark confin'd:
And to expreſs how much they lov'd the Chace,
Ray Wood the Virgin Huntreſs named the Place.
This Name denotes the Female of the Roe,
On whom theſe Maids oft drew the circling Bow,
Purſuing them with an unerring Dart,
Prizing a Deer more than a wounded Heart.
Here they in Secrecy have long remain'd,
We view the Trees, nor know we there's con-
tain'd,

In

In ev'ry Tree, as ancient Bards relate,
An * *Hamadryad's* ſhort precarious Fate:
For when the Tree's deſtroy'd the Nymph attends,
The *Dryad* ſickens, and her Life ſoon ends.

Diana more to bleſs her fav'rite Grove,
Added this other Mark of partial Love,
That no unruly Paſſions ſhou'd invade
The Breaſt of thoſe who wander in this Shade:
No jealous Thoughts, nor no corroding Care,
Nor Politicians Schemes ſhou'd enter here.
If Love ſometimes — as Love will oft intrude;
No Place ſo Sacred can that Pow'r exclude.
The Heav'nly *Venus* only here inſpires
All modeſt Wiſhes; and all chaſte Deſires.
Pan and his Wanton Train, the *Dryads* dread,
Preſume not on this Hallow'd Ground to tread.

This

* *The* Hamadryads *were certain Nymphs, who, according to the Ancients, had the Care and Guardianſhip of Trees: And they believ'd the Fate of theſe Nymphs ſo entirely depended upon Trees, they thought they liv'd and dy'd together.*

This then explains the Reaſon, why this Wood
Subdues all vicious Thoughts, and raiſes only Good.

Theſe Scenes of Beauty having now been view'd,
Here let the Labours of the Muſe conclude.
No Praiſe for what I've writ I vainly claim,
Let *Carliſle* but approve — to me that's Fame:
All I deſire is that ſome gen'rous Bard
Wou'd ſhow the World how much the Theme deſerv'd:
Do Juſtice to the Beauties of this Seat,
And like *Appelles* — draw a Piece complete.

FINIS.